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## Miscellanies.

### CASPAR HAUSER.

[The following sketch contains all the principal facts relating to the remarkable being whose mysterious origin and recent melancholy fate, have excited so much attention. It is from the pen of Mr Woodbridge, the editor of the American Annals of Education; in the March number of which it appeared, under the appropriate title of "Youth without Childhood."]

"An account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to about the age of seventeen.—Drawn up from legal documents. By Anselm Von Fuerbach, President of one of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, &c.—Translated from the German."

In passing through Germany, in the year 1829, we heard of an extraordinary being who had just "come into the world," as he subsequently expressed it, at the age of seventeen—a youth in form, and yet as ignorant of language, and of the use of his limbs, and even of the most common external objects, as the infant of a few months. He was observed on the evening of the 26th of May, 1828, near one of the gates of Nuremberg, in the posture of one intoxicated, who was equally unable to stand or to move. A letter which he held out, addressed to the Captain of a squadron of cavalry, gave no information except that he was born in 1812, and had never been suffered to leave the house, and that all inquiries concerning his origin and residence would be in vain. In reply to all the questions addressed to him by individuals, and by the police, a few unmeaning words were all that he could utter; and he pointed, with marks of exhaustion, to his blistered feet. Meat, which was offered him, he rejected with visible horror; but eagerly swallowed some bread and water; and on being conducted to the stable, stretched himself on the straw, and fell into a sleep so profound that he could scarcely be awakened. His feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; his gait was that of a child, just beginning to step; and it was only with intense suffering that he could walk. His senses seemed to be locked up in torpor; and a wooden horse, brought to him by a soldier, in consequence of his frequent repetition of the German word for horse,—"ross! ross!" was the first and only object which seemed to excite interest. He seated himself by it, "with a countenance smiling sweetly through his tears," and passed hours and days, in moving and feeding, and ornamenting it, as if it were the only being which called forth his social feelings.

It will be easily believed that such an appearance would excite intense curiosity. It was a case which set at defiance all the formal interrogations and arrangements of a German government, and it was difficult to decide whether he belonged to the asylum for idiocy, or the alms-houses, or the police office and the prison. After vain efforts to elicit something from him as to his residence or connections, to which he replied in the same piteous moans and unintelligible phrases, he was committed to a tower over one of the gates, under the care of a humane jailor, and appears to have enjoyed all the comforts of which his case admitted. Common sense soon relaxed the severity of the law, and he was received into the family of the jailor, as a deserted, helpless child, and under the instruction of his children, "began to learn to talk."

He was visited by crowds, who taxed their ingenuity in examining the poor youth, and wearied him almost to torture by their inquisitorial efforts to discover something. But they could only ascertain that he was an infant of adult age;—in the expressive language of a London Reviewer, an example of youth without childhood. He attempted like an infant, to seize every glittering object which he saw, and cried if he was forbidden; and even when a lighted candle was placed before him, he tried to grasp the beautiful flame. In the midst of this seeming infancy, however, his guardians were astonished, on putting a pencil into his hand, to find that he could form letters distinctly. He filled a sheet with elementary characters and syllables, and closed by covering a page with the name—KASPAR HAUSER.

This discovery of his name, usually so important in the records of a police office, furnished no clue to the mystery that enveloped this singular being. Destitute of the conception, as well as the names of the most common objects, and a ignorant of all the common customs and conveniences and necessities of life, there seemed no alternative, in the language of his biographer, but to regard him as the inhabitant of some distant planet, or as one buried from his birth, and now just emerged into the world. Imagination was tortured to devise some mode of accounting for his character and appear-

ance. Some dreamed of an experiment made by modern theorists, to ascertain the state of a mind, left to advance to maturity in utter ignorance of the world, and thus realizing the fancy picture of a German story. Others supposed him to be heir to some estate or diadem, of which he was unlawfully deprived. Others still conjectured that this plan of burying alive, had been adopted to conceal the crimes attending his birth.

Such were the conjectures existing on the public mind in reference to this singular being, when we left Germany, unable to vary our route so far as to visit Nuremberg. It was not until subsequent education had enabled Caspar to clothe his own ideas in words, that any light was thrown upon his early history; and the following account, derived from the work whose title is at the head of this article, comprises all his recollections of childhood and youth:

"He neither knows who he is, nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he first learned that, besides himself and the man with whom he had always been, there existed other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect, he has always lived in a hole, a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage, where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and pair of breeches. In this apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (day-light) such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight of the beautiful lights in the heavens. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste: whenever this was the case he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep; and, when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink. In this hole he had two wooden horses, and several ribbons. With these horses he had always amused himself as long as he was awake; and his only occupation was to make them run by his side, and to fix or tie the ribbons about them in different positions. Thus, one day had passed as the other; but he never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and—once only excepted—had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole, he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation, he knew not; for he had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place. The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly before he was taken away, when he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise, the man came and struck him upon the arm with a stick, or a piece of wood; this caused the wound which he brought with him to Nuremberg.

"About the same time, the man once came into his prison, placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it, which he now knows to have been paper; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backwards and forwards on the paper, with something (a lead pencil) which he had stuck between his fingers. Hauser was then ignorant of what it was; but he was mightily pleased, when he saw the black figures which began to appear upon the paper. When he felt that his hand was free, and the man was gone from him, he was so much pleased with his new discovery, that he could never grow tired of drawing these figures repeatedly upon the paper. This occupation almost made him neglect his horses, although he did not know what those characters signified.—The man repeated his visits in the same manner a number of times.

"Another time, the man came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, placed him on his feet, and endeavored to teach him to stand."

At his final appearance, the man took him over his shoulders, carried him, as he expressed it, up a hill, and brought him to Nuremberg. His recollections of his journey are very indistinct, and the fact that he sinks into a death-like sleep when he rides in a wagon, leaves it entirely uncertain in what way he was conveyed. After many different examinations, often leading to error, nothing remained but to provide the best means for alleviating his misfortunes, and supplying, in some degree, the loss of his years, and childhood, and youth, with the faint hope, that time might enable him to furnish a clue to his origin.

\*Probably water mixed with opium.

The state of nervous excitement and disease, produced by the multitude of new objects and ideas that crowded upon him, emerging thus suddenly from darkness and solitude, led the police to exclude all visitors, and place Caspar in the family of Professor Daumer, of the Nuremberg Gymnasium, to receive such an education as he needed.

In the course of a year, he was so far advanced in the knowledge of language, as to commence a memoir of himself. An attempt by some unknown person to take his life, excited, perhaps, by the apprehension of discovery, appears to have been the only interruption to the course of training by which, we are told, he came to be "reckoned among civilized and well behaved men," including, of course, many of the artificial wants and fashions which added neither to his happiness or worth. The narrative before us presents a variety of interesting details and anecdotes, concerning the childlike simplicity and amiable character of this youth, his singular views of his life, and his peculiar propensities and habits, which well deserve perusal. Our limits only allow us to glance at a few of the most prominent points of the description, and the principles which they illustrate.

The darkness and seclusion in which Caspar had been kept, produced extreme sensibility to every external impression. After he recovered from that torpor caused by his entering the world, his senses were acute to a degree which was painful; every object conveying odors to him, which were, in a great measure, imperceptible to others; and some would produce shivering, and nausea, and fever. The touch of animals, or of metals, thrilled through his frame, and often produced unequivocal symptoms of pain and disease. His hearing and sight were also uncommonly acute; and several remarkable instances are given, in which he proved that he could discover objects and colors as readily by night as by day. He observed with attention and accuracy; and his recollection of persons and names, at an early period, was surprising. Colors were pleasing to him in proportion to their brilliancy; and he thought an apple tree would have been more beautiful, if its leaves had been red, as well as its fruit.

The great principle was established in his case, as with infants, that forms and distances are not distinguished until the touch has corrected the errors of vision. He stated, after he acquired the use of language, that in the beginning, the men and horses represented in sheets or pictures, appeared to him precisely like the men and horses that were carved in wood! He did not perceive the difference, until he had learned it by handling them. Another striking illustration of this principle is described. In this case he called a beautiful summer landscape which was seen from his room,—"ugly! ugly!"—because, as he afterwards said, it appeared to him like a collection of spots of various colors on the window.—Two or three years of instruction corrected these errors, and reduced his sensibility, on many points, to the common level; but he continued able to see distinctly at night.

His extraordinary memory declined with this acuteness of the senses, at the same time that his frame enlarged; and both were singularly coincident with a change in his diet.—Caspar observed, in regard to his hearing, that "its acuteness had been considerably diminished, since he had begun to eat meat." Professor Daumer, in his notes, observes—"After he had learned regularly to eat meat, his mental activity was diminished; his eyes lost their brilliancy and expression, and his vivid propensity to constant activity was diminished. The intense application of his mind gave way to absence and indifference; and the quickness of his apprehension was also considerably diminished." It is questioned by the author, whether it was the result of his food, or of the previous excitement. He now exhibits nothing of genius, or remarkable talent; no fancy, or wit; but sound common sense, and persevering application.

His disposition was uncommonly mild and amiable, and his habits of obedience, produced, as he said, by early commands and punishment, were remarkable. He was equally remarkable for never yielding his preconceived notions, on the authority, or even testimony, of others. He would not even believe the account given of snow, and of the growth of plants and animals, until he saw and felt it.

The same disposition to scepticism appeared in his reluctance to believe in the existence of his own, or any other spirit. Indeed, he did not seem for a long time to be aware of the difference between animate and inanimate objects; supposing all motion to be voluntary, and believing all matter capable of it.

His case furnishes some evidence on the long disputed question, whether man would naturally arrive at the idea of a Deity. Our intercourse with the deaf and dumb, and our inquiries of instructors at home and abroad, had long since shown us that the most talented and mature minds do not attain this idea, unassisted. In the case of Caspar Hauser, his

biographer observes, that "he brought him from his dungeon not the least presentiment of the existence of God—not a shadow of faith in any more elevated, invisible existence." It was not until his faithful instructor led him to remark on the things which he *heard and saw within himself*, that he could believe in any objects but those of the external senses. Two of the most intelligent deaf mutes we have ever known, were for months, utterly incredulous of all that was said to them of an invisible being. But the example of Caspar Hauser, like that of the deaf mutes, also proves, that the idea of a Supreme Cause commends itself to the reason and feelings of man, when his mind is cultivated. A touching incident which occurred in the course of his early education will illustrate this point, and must close our extracts from this interesting volume:

"His instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satisfied with the sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candlea there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?'—When he was told that, like the sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again, 'Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light?' At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sunk trembling upon a chair, and asked, with a burst of tears, why that wicked man had kept him locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things."

The whole story is a striking exhibition of the value of childhood, as a part of life—of the necessity of simultaneous progress in body and mind, in order to produce the man. It is an affecting illustration of that most criminal neglect, which leaves a human being to become, "in understanding and stature a man, but in knowledge a child;" which allows him to acquire a power, most valuable or most dangerous, according to its application, without giving him the knowledge necessary to use it aright, or inspiring the disposition to employ it for good purposes. If the view of the starry heavens could rouse this gentle youth to such reproaches of the man for whom, on other occasions, he expressed affection, oh! what will be the language of those benighted beings whom the neglect or oppression of civilized Christian men, has shut up in intellectual darkness, when they see the glories of that world which lies beyond the firmament!

[The subjoined account of the circumstances attending the death of Caspar, appeared in the Ghent Messenger, soon after the occurrence of that event.]

The unfortunate Caspar Hauser is no more. He died on the seventeenth of this month, (December,) of a wound made by the blow of a dagger, which he received on the same day, from the hand of an unknown assassin. He lived at Anspach, where the President of the Court of Appeal had given him a little employment in the Registrar Office. Lord Stanhope, during his stay at Anspach, had also provided for his support. It is presumed that the assassin is the same person who had already made an attempt upon his life. He disappeared without leaving the least trace of him. On his return at mid-day, to his office, Hauser was accosted in the street by a person, who promised him important revelations, and appointed a meeting in the park. Instead of imparting this incident to his friends, Hauser maintained silence, and went after dinner to the place of assignation. The stranger was waiting for him. He took him aside—there he gave him a blow with a dagger, which has put an end to the existence of a man, whose life and death have been equally unfortunate.

The history of Hauser is one of the most singular events of our time, and perhaps more mysterious than that of the Man with the Iron Mask. It might be conceived that the policy of a despot might have an interest in the concealment of an important personage; but what interest could it have in bringing up in complete insulation, an infant—in making it a prisoner, during the whole of its infancy, in the hands of a gaoler, and afterwards abandoning it to public charity; and, finally, to cause its assassination? How can there exist, in our age, a monster capable of such a refinement of cruelty?

What is scarcely less strange is, that the Bavarian police, which is always on the watch for political objects, and which suffers nothing to escape that would offend the Holy Alliance, has not yet been able to discover the least trace of the wretches who have several times attempted to take the life of the poor young man, and who have at last accomplished their abominable purpose.

The Chief Burgomaster of Nuremberg has caused to be inserted in the journals of Bavaria, the following notice, on the subject of this catastrophe.

"Caspar Hauser, my dear pupil, is no more. He died yesterday, at ten o'clock at night, at Anspach, of a wound which he had received from an assassin. The problems which Providence had attached to his melancholy existence are now solved for this victim of the horrid barbarity of his relatives. God in his justice, will compensate him with the eter-

nal spring of the joys of infancy, which were denied to him, in the vigor of youth of which he was deprived, for the life which has been destroyed only five years after it had begun to be acquainted with human society. Peace to his ashes!

BINDER, Chief Burgomaster.

Nuremberg, Dec. 18."

The following are some further details, not given in this recital:—

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Hauser left home, to go to the place of assignation appointed by the unknown person. In half an hour after, he ran, quite out of breath, to the house of the tutor, appointed to take care of him. He was able to utter, at intervals, the words "Parc-bourse, Uz—monument," but almost immediately fainted; it was not until then that his master perceived the unfortunate young man was wounded. He then sent a soldier and the police to the Castle Park, who found near the monument of the poet Uz, a small lady's work-bag, made of violet-colored silk, containing a paper, on which was written the following words, but so crossed that it was found necessary to put this paper before the glass of a window to read them:—

"Hauser will be able to tell very distinctly how I have acted, and whence I came. To save Hauser the trouble, I tell you myself whence I came: I come from the Bavarian frontier—upon the river —; and I will tell you even more, the name, M. I. O."

Hauser was struck with terror, and was able to give the police only a few particulars of the description of the assassin.

From the European Magazine.

#### MODERN HOLLAND.

The Dutchman, living in continual dread of inundation, is habitually frugal. His foresight is admirable, his perseverance not to be conquered, and his labors, unless seen, cannot be credited. This astonishes the more, when the phlegm of his temper and the slowness of his manners are considered. View the minuteness of his economy, the solicitude of his precaution, and the inflexibility of his methodical prudence, who would not pronounce him incapable of great enterprise? He builds himself a dwelling: it is a hut in size—it is a palace in neatness; it is necessarily situated among damps, and perhaps behind the bank of a sluggish canal; yet he writes upon it *Myngenoegje*, my delight; *Land lust*, country pleasure; *Land zig*, country prospect; or some other inscription that might characterize the Vale of Tempe, or the Garden of Eden! He still cuts his trees into fantastic forms, hangs his awnings round with small bells, and decorates his Sunday jacket with dozens of little buttons. Too provident to waste his sweets, he puts a bit of sugar candy in his mouth, and drinks his tea as it melts.

The Dutch are usually distinguished into five classes:—the peasants and farmers, sea-faring men, merchants and tradesmen, those who live upon their estates or the interest of their money, and military officers. The peasants are industrious, and only managed by fair language. The sea-faring men are a plain, rough, and hardy race, seldom using more words than are necessary about their business.

The trading people, where there is no law to restrain them, will sometimes extort; but in other cases, they are the plainest and best dealers in the world. Those who live upon their means, in great cities, resemble the merchants and tradesmen in the modesty of their dress, and their frugal way of living. Among the gentry, or nobility, though they value themselves on their rank, order and frugality in their expenses is not less remarkable; and the furniture of their houses is more regarded by them, than keeping great tables and a fine equipage.

In Holland, it is always a general rule for a person to spend less than his annual income; on the other hand, living up to it will bring as much discredit upon him, as extravagance, prodigality, and even fraud, in other countries. The following anecdote is said to be illustrative of the supposition that the Dutch are generally plodding upon the means of getting money.

"Two English gentlemen being in company with a Dutchman, one of the former not understanding the language, desired his friend to apologize to the Hollander for not being able to enjoy the pleasure of his company. The Dutchman heard the translation with great composure, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and said, it was a consolation for the accident of not understanding one another, since, added he, having no connexions or dealings in trade together, our conversing could not possibly answer any useful purpose."

The lower part of the houses in Holland is lined with white Dutch tiles; and their kitchen furniture, consisting of copper, pewter, and iron, is kept exceedingly bright. Their beds and tables are covered with the finest linen, their rooms adorned with pictures, and their yards and gardens with flowers. Their rooms, in winter, are warmed with stoves placed either underneath or around the apartments. With respect to diet, all ranks are said to be addicted to butter; and the inferior classes seldom take a journey, without a butter-box in their pockets."

In some of the villages in North Holland, the inside of the houses is richly decorated; but the principal apartments, as with us, are often kept for show, while the owners live in kitchens and garrets. The furniture in one particular cham-

ber is composed of silken ornaments, which by ancient prescription is bequeathed from father to son, and is preserved as an offering to Hymen. To every house in North Holland there is a door elevated nearly three feet above the level of the ground, and never opened but on two occasions. When one of the family marries, the bride and bridegroom enter the house by this door; and when either of the parties dies, the corpse is carried out by the same passage: immediately after which it is fastened up, never more to turn on its hinges, till some new event of a similar nature again demands its services.

To the credit of the Hollander it has been observed, they will never, either in their societies or in their business, employ their time for a moment in gratifying malice or indulging envy; but they will seldom step one inch out of the way, or surrender one moment of their time, to save those they do not know, from any inconvenience. A Dutchman, throwing cheeses into a warehouse, or drawing iron along a pathway, will not stop while a lady, or an inferior person, passes, unless he sees somebody inclined to protect them; a warehouseman, trundling a cask—a woman, throwing water upon her windows, will leave it entirely to the passengers, to take care of their limbs or their clothes.

As a Dutchman is often a miller, a merchant, a waterman, or a sailor, he always wishes to know which way the wind blows: still it is the national economy to which we may attribute the beauty and utility of their public works, that multiplicity of bridges and causeways, which very sensibly alleviate the burdens necessarily imposed by the government. As to the phlegmatic character of the Dutch, nothing can afford strangers a more lively picture of it, than the coolness and the silence with which even the sailors manoeuvre. You may see them working their ships up to a shore or quay, amidst the most provoking obstacles and incumbrances, without uttering a syllable!

In every thing that relates to domestic economy, the Dutch women may serve as examples to all, from their domestic habits; some of these have obtained the epithet of *Blockster*.—Their whole enjoyment is said to centre in the interior of their houses. Celibacy also is less frequent in Holland than in any other country; but the marriage ceremonies vary considerably in different towns, and even in different villages.—After the publication of the banns, the families of the parties begin to visit each other, and the party betrothed makes them presents of bottles of spiced wine, or hypocras; these are humorously called *tears*. When the marriage day arrives, the young people strew the paths of the new-married couple with flowers. The Dutch poets almost always distinguish themselves on these occasions: and it is customary for husbands, when in easy circumstances, to collect and print these congratulatory verses, with handsome vignettes, &c.

For theatrical amusements, there are but very few places where any performances of this kind are exhibited regularly all the year round; these are confined to Amsterdam and the Hague. Leyden has a theatre, but it is only played in, now and then. At Rotterdam also, on account of some religious scruple, no theatre has ever been suffered to be opened within the walls: of course, the one there is without the gates. Several places, on account of these prohibitions, have nevertheless their private companies, or dramatic amateurs, as a winter amusement. Skating is undoubtedly carried to greater perfection than in any other part of the world. Every female in the country can skate. Thirty persons at a time, holding hands, often dart by you on the ice, with the quickness of lightning. Others sit in a sledge, which is pushed along the ice by a skater. Besides these, there are vessels fifteen feet long, their bottoms covered with broad plates of iron: their course is accelerated by the assistance of masts and sails. The velocity of their progress is inconceivable to a stranger, being seldom less than twelve miles an hour.

In cases of death, public messengers clothed in black, with crape on their hats, are sent to inform the relatives and friends of the deceased. One of these always attends the funeral, as a master of ceremonies. As to interments, as the inconvenience of burying in churches has been generally acknowledged, the practice of interring the dead out of town, has been adopted in Holland, as well as in many other parts of the continent.

#### A TALE FOR THE NOVELIST.

Charlotte Christina Sophia de Wolfenbuttel, wife of the Tzarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I., was unfortunately an object of aversion to her husband, although beautiful and amiable; in a fit of passion, he gave her one day a blow, which caused her to be prematurely confined with a dead child.—The Countess of Konnismarck, who attended on the princess, being aware that if she recovered, she would be exposed to new acts of violence, determined to declare that she had died. The Tzarovitz, to whom this was agreeable news, ordered her immediate interment; couriers were despatched to inform the Tzar of the event, and all the courts of Europe went into mourning. The princess escaped to America, with an aged domestic, who passed for her father, and a female attendant. Whilst she was living in privacy at Louisiana, an officer of the name of D'Auband, who had seen her in Russia, recollected her, and offered his services. Soon after, they heard the Tzarovitz was dead; and D'Auband then engaged to conduct the princess back to Russia; but she found her-

self happier in a private station, and declared her intention of remaining in retirement. The old domestic dying about the same time, she was without any protector, and D'Auband, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand;—she accepted it. Thus she who had been destined to wear the imperial diadem, became the wife of a lieutenant of Infantry. The princess had no reason to regret her second marriage;—happy in the affection of a man she had wedded from choice, she lived in uninterrupted enjoyment, peace and comfort, for ten years, without a wish to mingle again in the splendid scenes where she had known only misery;—but D'Auband fell into ill health; and his wife, anxious above all things, for his recovery, proposed that they should go to France, to procure the best medical advice, and to try the effect of a change of climate. They accordingly embarked for his native land; and soon after, he was restored to health.—He then solicited employment in the Isle of France, where he was appointed major. The princess, however, previous to their quitting France, had been recognized by the Marshal de Saxe, who, after having called on her and heard the story of her adventures, informed his king, of the discovery he had made. His Majesty desired his Minister of Marine to write to the governor of the Mauritius, directing that every mark of distinction should be showered on Monsieur and Madame D'Auband, and that they should always be treated with the highest consideration. These orders, we are told, were punctually obeyed: the princess lived in tranquil happiness in that island until 1747, when her beloved husband died: she then returned to Paris, where she lived to a great age.

#### THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Having agreed to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we went there in the evening; and passing through the court entered the first lofty apartment. There was a guard of Turks in a recess just within the door, to whom every pilgrim is obliged to pay a certain sum for admission; but we were exempted from this tax. In the middle of the first apartment is a large marble slab raised above the floor, over which lamps are suspended: this is said to be the space where the body of the Redeemer was anointed and prepared for the sepulchre. You then turn to the left, and enter the large rotunda, which terminates in a dome at the top. In the centre of the floor stands the Holy Sepulchre: it is of an oblong form, and composed of a very fine reddish stone, brought from the Red Sea, and has quite the appearance of marble. Ascending two or three low steps, and taking off your shoes, you enter the first small apartment, which is floored with marble and the walls lined with the same. In the centre is a low shaft of white marble, being the spot to which the angel rolled the stone from the tomb, and sat upon it. You now stoop low to enter the narrow door that conducts you to the side of the Sepulchre. The tomb is of a light brown and white marble, about six feet long and three feet high, and the same number in breadth, being joined to the wall. Between the Sepulchre and the opposite wall the space is very confined, and not more than four or five persons can remain in it at a time. The floor and the walls are of a beautiful marble;—the apartment is a square of about seven feet, and a small dome rises over it, from which are suspended twenty-seven large silver lamps, richly chased, and of elegant workmanship—presents from Rome, of the Courts, and Religious Orders of Europe;—these are kept always burning, and cast a flood of light upon the sacred tomb, and the paintings hung over it—one Romish and the other Greek—representing our Lord's ascension, and his appearance to Mary in the garden. A Greek or Romish priest always stands here, with the silver vase of holy incense in his hand, which he sprinkles over the pilgrims. Wishing to see the behavior of these people, who come from all parts of the world, and undergo the severest difficulties to arrive at this holy spot, we remained for some time within it, and the scene was very interesting. They entered, Armenians, Greeks, and Catholics, of both sexes, with the deepest awe and veneration, and instantly fell upon their knees: some, lifting their eyes to the paintings, burst into a flood of tears; others pressed their heads with fervor on the tomb, and sought to embrace it; while the sacred incense fell in showers, and was received with delight by all. It was impossible for the looks and gestures of repentance, grief, and adoration, to be apparently more heartfelt and sincere than on this occasion. Yet other feelings were admitted by some, who took advantage of the custom of placing beads and crosses on the tomb, to be sanctified by the holy incense, to place a large heap on it of these articles, which being sprinkled and rendered inestimable, they afterwards carried to their native countries, and sold them at a high price.

#### M A X I M S.

Young people are often more anxious to adorn their persons than their minds; and they are more flattered when encomium is pronounced on their figures or appearance, than when they are praised for their understandings.

In high life, that man is deemed an honorable character, who is always prepared and willing to kill another with whom he may have a dispute, even should it prove his former benefactor or friend.

It is not easy to make straight in the oak, the crook that grew in the sapling.

#### Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

##### ROGER WILLIAMS.

*Memoir of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State of Rhode-Island; by James D. Knowles, Professor of Pastoral Duties in the Newton Theological Institution.*

The name of Roger Williams has been associated with all that is enthusiastic in religion, and visionary in politics. According to some writers, he was a furious disturber in the State, and an obstinate polemic in the Church, regardless of all civil authority, and satisfied with no form of Christian worship. In this respect, however, he has only shared the fate of those noble men, who, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, made an effort to shake off the oppressions of regal power, and the trammels of ecclesiastical bigotry. Since the world began, it has been the fashion to heap obloquy upon reformers, and to pour contempt on every one, who, possessing the courage to abandon the beaten track, has dared to mark out a course for himself. No age has been more remarkable for this, than the one in which it was the fortune of Roger Williams to live. It was an age which has been variously denominated, according as the different views and feelings of men have conducted them to different conclusions respecting it; but of whatever other appellation it shall be thought deserving, it is plain, we can incur no censure, for calling it the age of slander. Neither the patriotism of Milton, nor his immortal genius, could gain for him any general applause while living, or protect him, when dead, from the assaults of calumny.

An erroneous judgment respecting general uniformity in matters of religion, united with a belief that the Civil Magistrate ought to *enforce* uniformity, being a peculiarity of the leading sectaries of his age; it could not be expected that Roger Williams, the bold and steady declaimer against the union of the sword with the surplice, and the advocate of the doctrine that every man may be supposed to have a conscience of his own,—should escape the misrepresentations and vengeance of numerous adversaries: accordingly, we find him calumniated by the clergy, and exiled by the magistracy. Nor will the mild and candid of the present day, know which to admire most, the Medo-Persian inflexibility of the latter, or the unequalled vituperative spirit of the former. The sentence of banishment procured upon Williams, was irrevocable; and the calumny which it was thought to authorize, seems to have received, from some magic touch, the qualities of peculiar diffusiveness and extraordinary longevity. It outlived its authors, by several generations; and spread through a wider space, than, perhaps, their most malignant feelings could have wished.

Time, however, the destroyer of all things except the memory of the just, has robbed of all efficacy the reproaches to which Roger Williams was exposed. The feelings of men, (or certainly the circumstances which influence their feelings,) and their opinions, have greatly changed. The world has grown wiser, since our Pilgrim Fathers adjudged their brother in the Church, and their fellow-sufferer in the wilds of a new world, worthy of perpetual banishment from their territory—merely for the *expression* of a difference of *opinion*. Mankind are beginning to perceive that there are other virtues beside either blind veneration for mere ceremonies, or tame submission to arbitrary power; that there are other vices beside the distinguishing between the religion of the individual and that of the nation; and other causes for judicial inquest, beside the proclaiming the right of every man to judge for himself in things subsisting between him and his God. To prefer the calm submission of a soul subdued by a rational contemplation of truth, to that cringing, fawning homage, which is extorted by an act of the legislature, is no longer punishable by law, nor indeed looked upon as the slightest crime. Strange as the fact would seem to those who composed the court which banished Roger Williams, his doctrines have been gradually gaining ground, from the time his generation died away, up to the present hour:—they have obtained very nearly the united suffrages of the three most enlightened and powerful nations of the earth. The standard which was raised in the forests and amid the savages of Rhode-Island, now floats over the peaceful dwellings of forty-three millions, and is destined,

from fair indications, soon to wave over a happy and regenerate world.

Under these circumstances, so favorable to its reception, we congratulate the public, and especially the citizens of Rhode-Island, on the appearance of this Memoir of Roger Williams. The author, the Rev. Professor Knowles, is well known to the public, as an esteemed clergyman and popular writer. His judgment and taste are conspicuous in the Memoir of Mrs Judson; but in drawing the character of Roger Williams, he has established a claim to a high stand among Christian biographers. In that class of writers, he appears a rare example of one who can state facts without exaggeration, who can censure without severity, and commend without extravagance. Christian biographers of the present day, in their anxiety to present an attractive picture, seem to forget that they undertake to exhibit the character of a frail mortal—permitting their imaginations to dwell on what they suppose the truly ineffable purity of a departed spirit, rather than fixing their judgment on what that spirit was, in its actual human imperfection. This has wrought in the public taste, no little disgust at an ancient and useful mode of instruction. From this blemish however the work under review is entirely free. The public will not fail to admire the generous candor with which Mr Knowles censures those of whom the nature of his work obliged him to speak, no less than the good sense which restrained him from unqualified eulogy of Williams. While he condemns the severe and impolitic conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers towards the latter, he undertakes to prove—and to our judgment he does prove—that their conduct resulted from their principles; and while he exposes the errors of their principles in respect to religious toleration, he manifests the utmost tenderness and reverence for their characters.

We have heard it objected to this Memoir, by some who seemed not to observe how deeply the character of Roger Williams is involved in the early history of New England, that his biographer has gone too much into detail. We see no room for censure in this respect; although on a first view of the subject, we did lament the *necessity* which led to the discussion and insertion of so much, aside from the direct purposes of biography. But after deliberate reflection, we are persuaded that Mr Knowles has performed for the public, a service which, on account of that very necessity, will be esteemed the more valuable. In accounting for the banishment of Williams, he has given us, in a popular form, a faithful view of the true causes of the religious persecutions which clouded the early history of Massachusetts. Some writers have seen, or have fancied they saw, something in the religious character or doctrines of the persecuted, sufficiently ominous to justify the punishments which they suffered. Others, rejecting this apology, have sought to excuse their conduct, by ascribing turbulence, enthusiasm, bigotry, and ignorance to the persecuted; as if in the moral world, one class of men are innocent in proportion as another are guilty, in analogy with the law in the physical, that one body is great by comparison with another that is small.

Mr Knowles appears to have been as unable to appreciate the felicity of this latter mode of discussing unpleasant facts, as he was unwilling to admit the justness of the principle involved in the former. His view of the subject, while it will be interesting and instructive to all, will impart, it is hoped, to those of our citizens, who, never satisfied in lavishing unqualified praise on the Pilgrim Fathers, find so much to say of the causes which occasioned their emigration from the mother country.

Our expectations concerning the work before us are fully realized. Our ardent desire that something definite and authentic should be published respecting the truly venerable personage, who as an exile for the cause of "freedom to worship God," first trod our soil, is gratified.

Those features of his character, concerning which the deepest solicitude had sometimes been felt, because they had suffered the severest attacks, appear the most brilliant. The citizens of Rhode Island, while they trace the graphic delineations of the virtues, patriotism, and piety of their Founder, will not surely be unmindful, that a tribute of gratitude is due to him, who, amid other engagements, has cleared away the clouds, which, for five or six generations, have hung over an injured, and an illustrious name.

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## ALEXANDER DUMAS.

[There are probably but few of our readers who are not in some degree acquainted with the literary reputation of the individual whose name stands at the head of this article; although the various works by which that reputation has been acquired, are as yet but imperfectly known among us.

He was born at the village of Villers-Cotterets, in the year 1803. His father, General Alexander Dumas, sometimes designated by the appellation of the "Mulatto General," served with honor in the armies of the French Republic, and was one of the chief officers who accompanied Napoleon on his Egyptian expedition; in which he was distinguished by his skill and daring heroism. He lost his life in the service of France; but a disagreement having taken place between himself and Napoleon, his advancement had been checked; and at his death, his widow was reduced to a state of poverty. She however devoted herself to the education of her son, who was then about fifteen years of age, obtaining for him all the advantages which his native village afforded, and which her limited means could command.

In 1823, young Dumas left his maternal roof, and repaired to Paris, in search of employment in some of the public offices, in order to procure the means of support for himself and his widowed mother; and through the patronage of General Foy, succeeded in obtaining a situation under the Duke of Orleans. Here, the intervals of his labor were devoted to literary pursuits, and a foundation was silently laid by his assiduity and perseverance, for that distinguished reputation which he has attained. He soon became popular as a writer of fiction, and the pages of the French periodicals were frequently enriched by the productions of his leisure hours. He commenced writing for the stage, in 1827, and several of his earliest dramatic pieces met with an almost unprecedented success. The command of language, the graphic power, and the truth to Nature, which are exhibited in his tragedies and historical plays, have already done much towards a reformation of the cold, formal, artificial and unnatural style, which characterized the French drama. As a romance writer, he has also been eminently successful.—His literary career has indeed been a remarkable one; for, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which it was commenced, and the obstacles by which it has been impeded, he is already, at the early age of thirty years, among the first writers of the day, in each of the two departments to which his genius has been directed.

The subjoined sketch is a translation from the preface to a recently published French edition of his works. In this he details with much spirit and humor, the circumstances attending his departure from home, to seek for employment in the capital; the results of that search, and the causes which led to his dramatic career. We have been much pleased with this curious piece of auto-biography, which appears to have been written without effort or affectation; and exhibits a highly interesting picture of the mind and character of its author.—ED. LIT. JOUR.]

Translated for the Literary Journal.

## MY YOUTH.

I had attained my twentieth year, when one morning, my mother entered my chamber, approached my bed, threw her arms around me, weeping, and said:

"My son, I am going to sell all that we possess, in order to pay our debts."

"Indeed, mother?"

"Yes, my child; and when our debts are paid, there will remain but two hundred and fifty-three francs for our support."

My mother wept bitterly.

"All?" said I.

"All."

"Very well, mother; I will, this evening, take the fifty-three francs, and depart for Paris."

"What will you do there, my poor boy?"

"I will there see the friends of my father;—the Duke of Bellone, who is Minister of War; Sebastiani, as powerful from his opposition, as the others are from their adherence. My father, the oldest General of them all, and who has been commander-in-chief of four armies, has had some of them for his aids-de-camp, and the whole of them have been under

his orders:—we have there a letter from Bellone, which proves that it was to the influence of my father, that he owed his restoration to the favor of Napoleon—a letter from Sebastiani, returning him thanks for having obtained for him a post in the army destined for Egypt—letters from Jourdan, Kellerman, and even Bernadotte himself. Well! I will go to Sweden, if it is necessary, and see the King, and make an appeal to his recollections of a soldier."

"And what will become of me, during your absence?"

"You are right; but remain tranquil. I shall not have enough, at present, to go farther than Paris. So, this evening, I depart."

"Do as you will," said my mother, embracing me a second time; "it is perhaps an inspiration from God."

She left the room; and I leaped from my bed, more excited than disheartened with the news I had just learned. It was now my turn to be good for something; to repay to my parent—not the care she had taken of me—that would be impossible—but to relieve her daily trials and anxieties; to comfort her in her declining years; and, in a measure, to reward her for her watchfulness over me. I was then a man, since the existence of a female depended upon me. A thousand hopes and projects entered my mind; pride and joy filled my heart; I was certain of success. This is one of the virtues of youth; for it inspires confidence that others may place the same dependence on us, that we place on them. Besides, it was impossible that I should not obtain all that I might demand, when I should tell these men upon what the future depended;—What I ask of you, is for my mother, for the widow of your old companion in arms; for my good mother!

Yes, mine was a good mother; so good that I could not repay her kindness and love for me. I would willingly have thrown myself into the fire for her.

Her love for me was so great, that she never quitted me; and when it is known that I was born at Villers-Cotterets, a little village, which is contained within the circuit of two miles, it may at once be imagined that it would afford no great advantages for an education; it is true, however, that all those which it did furnish in this respect, had been put in requisition. A good and generous abbe, whom every one loved and respected, more for the sake of his affection and indulgence to his parishioners, than for his knowledge, gave me instruction in Latin, during five or six years, and made me compose some French rhymes. As for arithmetic, three schoolmasters had successively failed in making me commit to memory the four first rules; in exchange, and every thing else relating to accounts, I possessed all the advantages of a rustic education; that is to say, I mounted all the horses which I could obtain—I rode a dozen miles to attend a ball—I managed equally well a sword or a pistol—I played at tennis equal to St. George—and at thirty paces, I seldom missed my aim at a hare or a partridge.

These accomplishments, which had acquired for me a certain celebrity at Villers-Cotterets, ought to secure me greater advantages in Paris; consequently, after having gravely reflected upon the subject, and maturely examined myself, I concluded that I could not do better than to be a clerk. My whole attention was then directed to procuring a place in what is usually called the *bureaux*.

My preparations were soon completed, when I made known to my acquaintances, my intention of departing for Paris.

I met in the street the contractor of the 'diligences': he was much attached to me, as he had given me my first instruction in the game of billiards, and I had profited by his lessons. He proposed to me a parting game; we entered a coffee-house; I won of him my seat in the diligence, and that was so much saved out of my fifty-three francs.

In this coffee-house, I found an old friend of my father, who had, besides this friendship, retained some recollection of our family. Having been one day wounded in the chase, he was carried to our house; where he received from my mother and sister, much attention; which he had not forgotten.

He was a man of great influence in the district, by his fortune and his reputation for honesty. Some years previous, he had carried the election of General Foy, his old college companion. He offered me a letter to the Honorable

Deputy; I accepted it, took my leave, and proceeded on my course.

I went to take leave of my worthy abbe. I listened to a long moral discourse upon the dangers of Paris, the seductions of the world, &c. &c. The good man approved of my resolution; the tears stood in his eyes, at parting with a beloved pupil; and when I asked him for some advice, which he did not give me, he opened the Bible, and pointed to these words: "Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you."

The same evening, I departed, to the great anxiety of my mother, who had never lost sight of me; but who consoled herself with the idea that my fifty-three francs could not carry me far; and that, consequently, it would not be long before she would see me again.

For the rest, I entered the world with false ideas of religion and morality; I was a materialist and a Voltairian, to the ends of my fingers; I considered Mathew and Faublas as elementary books; I preferred Pigault-Lebrun to Walter Scott; and in fact, I made verses in the style of those of the Cardinal Bernis and d'Evariste Parny. My political opinions alone were established at this period; they were in a manner instinctive; my father having bequeathed them to me at his death; since then, they have become rationalized, but have undergone no change. As for my taste for light poetry, it originated, perhaps, from my having been born in the same chamber where Desmoultiers died.

However, with this intrinsic sum of physical and moral qualities, I stopped at an unpretending hotel in *rue St. Germain, P. Juxerrois*; convinced that society had been calumniated; that the world was a garden of golden flowers, the gates of which were open to me; and that I had only, like Ali Baba, to pronounce the word *Sesame*, to rend asunder the rocks.

I wrote the same evening to the Minister of War, requesting an audience; and detailed to him my claims to this favor; I supported them with those of my father, whom he could not have forgotten; I spoke of the former friendship which had so closely united them; passing in silence, from motives of delicacy, the services rendered; but of which a letter of the Marshal, which I had brought with me, furnished incontestable proof.

I fell asleep, and dreamed of "The Thousand and One Nights."

The following day, I bought a directory containing twenty-five thousand addresses; and continued on my course.

The first visit I made, was to Marshal Jourdan. He well remembered that there had been a General Alexander Dumas: but he had never heard of his having a son. In spite of all that I could do, I left him, at the end of five minutes, unable to convince him of my existence.

I then repaired to the residence of General Sebastiani.—There were in his office, four or five secretaries, writing from his dictation; each of them had upon his desk, besides his pen, paper, and penknife, a golden snuff-box, which he presented open to the General, every time that he passed before him. The General delicately introduced into it, the fore-finger and thumb of a hand which his cousin Napoleon had envied for its whiteness and coquetry; took the Spanish powder voluptuously; and like *le Malade Imaginaire*, commenced walking his apartment, sometimes from end to end, and sometimes from side to side. My visit was a short one. Whatever might be my estimation of the General, I had but little ambition to become a bearer of his snuff-box.

I returned to my hotel, a little disappointed; the two first men I had met, had blasted my golden dreams. I again took up my directory of twenty-five thousand addresses; but my light-hearted confidence had disappeared; I experienced a depression of spirits in being frustrated in my plans; I turned over the leaves at random, mechanically, reading without understanding; when my eyes fell upon a name which I had heard my mother pronounce so often and with so much praise, that I leaped with joy: it was that of General Verdier, who had served in Egypt, under my father. I sprang into a carriage, and was conveyed to number four, *rue de Faubourg-Montmartre*; it was there he lived.

"Which is General Verdier's apartment?" said I to the housekeeper.

"In the fifth story, at the small door on your left." I

made him repeat it; although I perfectly understood him. "Well," said I to myself, while ascending the staircase; "there is nothing here which resembles either the liveried servant of Marshal Jourdan, or the porter in the Hotel Sebastiani. *General Verdier, in the fifth story, and the small door on the left!* This man ought to remember my father.

I arrived at the place of my destination. A simple green curtain hung before the door which had been designated. I knocked, while my heart beat beyond my power of control. I was making this third attempt to find a friend upon whom I might depend for advice and assistance.

I heard some one approach:—the door opened; and a man venerable with age, appeared. He was dressed in a plain coat, with foot pantaloons, a Brandebourg vest, and wore on his head a cap of Astrakan stuff; in one hand he held a palette filled with colors, and in the other a brush. I thought that I had made a mistake, and turned to the other doors.

"What do you wish, sir?" said he.

"To present my respects to General Verdier. But I believe I have mistaken the place."

"No, no, you have not mistaken it; it is here." I entered a work shop.

"You will permit me, sir?" said the old gentleman, as he recommenced a battle piece, in the composition of which I had interrupted him.

"Certainly, sir; if you will only show me where I shall find the General."

The painter turned around.

"Well! but *pardieu!* it is me," said he.

"You?"—I fixed my eyes upon him with such an air of surprise, that he could not refrain from laughing.

"You are astonished to see me manage a pencil, are you not?" replied he; "when you have probably heard that I could manage a sabre equally well? What do you wish?—my hand is impatient, and must be occupied with something. Now, what is your wish?—go on."

"General," said I to him, "I am the son of your old companion in arms, in Egypt; of Alexander Dumas."

He turned quickly towards me, and regarded me with surprise: after a moment's silence;

"Sacredieu! that is so"—said he; "you are his exact portrait."

Two tears at the same moment fell from his eyes, and, throwing down his brush, he extended his hand, which I felt a greater desire to kiss than to shake.

"Well! what brought you to Paris, my poor boy?" continued he; "for, if my memory serves me, you lived with your mother, in, I know not what, village?"

"It is true General; but my mother is old, and we are poor."

"Two songs with the tunes of which I am very well acquainted," murmured he.

"I have therefore come to Paris, with the hope of obtaining a little place, to enable me, in my turn, to support her, who to the present time has nourished me."

"That is well said! but a place is not an easy thing to obtain now-a-days; there is a heap of nobles to be furnished with places, who must first be provided for."

"But, General, I have depended on your protection."

"What?"

I repeated the observation.

"My protection!"—he heaved a sigh.—"My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection shall go so far as to give them to you; but you will never be a great artist, unless you surpass your master. My protection?—well! I am much indebted to you for that word, for there is not, perhaps, a person in the world, except yourself, at the present day, who would seek that from me."

"How is that?"

"It is those shabby fellows, there, who have driven me to this retreat; under the pretext of, I know not what, conspiracy. At any rate, you see I am compelled to make pictures. If you wish to make them, there is a palette, some brushes, and a thirty-six inch canvas."

"Mercy, General;—but I never knew how to make eyes; besides, the apprenticeship will be too long; and then neither my mother nor myself can wait."

"What would you have, then, my friend? here is all that

I have to offer you; one half my purse; which I did not think of; for it is hardly worth offering."

He opened the drawer of a small bureau in which he kept it, and displayed two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.

"I feel greatly obliged to you, General, I am nearly as rich as you are." In my turn, I could not refrain from shedding a tear. "I heartily thank you; but you will give me your advice on the first steps that I must take?"

"Oh yes! as much as you wish of that. Let us see; where are you?" He took his brush and commenced painting.

"I have written to Marshal, the Duke of Bellune."

The General, while glazing the figure of a Cossack, made a grimace, which might be well expressed by these words: "If thou hast but him to depend on, my poor boy!"

"I have more;" I added, replying to his thought; "a recommendation to General Foy, the Deputy from my Department."

"Ah! this is another thing. Very well, my son! I advise you not to wait the reply of the Minister;—to-morrow is Sunday; carry your letter to the General, and make yourself easy; he will receive you well. You will dine with me to-day? and we will converse of your father."

"Most willingly, General."

"Well! leave me to my work; and return in six hours."

I took leave forthwith of General Verdier; and descended the five stories, with a heart lighter than when I mounted the stairs. Men and things began to appear to me in their true light; and the world, which had until then been unknown to me, was unfolded to my eyes, such as God and the devil had made it, striped with good and bad, and spotted with some worse.

On the following day, I presented myself at the house of the Honorable General Foy; and was introduced into his study. He was engaged on his History of the Peninsula.—When I entered, he stood writing, at one of those desks which can be raised or lowered at pleasure: around him were scattered, in apparent confusion, speeches, maps, and half opened books.

He turned around, on hearing the door of his study open, with a quickness habitual to himself; and fixed his piercing eyes upon me. I trembled exceedingly.

"Mr Alexander Dumas?" said he to me.

"Yes, General."

"Are you the son of him who commanded the army of the Alps?"

"Yes, General."

"He was a brave man. Can I be of any service to you? if so, I shall be extremely happy to improve the opportunity."

"I thank you for your interest. I have brought you a letter from M. Danre."

"Oh! that good friend! what is he doing?"

"He is happy and proud at having assisted in your election."

"Assisted me?"—breaking the seal of the letter,—"tell all. Do you know, continued he, holding the letter open without reading,—"do you know that he pledged himself for me to the electors, body for body, honor for honor? I hope that my nomination will not cause him any reproach. Let us see what he says?"—He began to read.—"Ah! he earnestly recommends you to me; he seems to be much attached to you."

"As if I was his son."

"Well! let us see then."—He looked at me.—"What can I do for you?"

"Whatever you wish, General."

"It is necessary first, for me to know what you are good for."

"Oh! not much."

"Let us see;—what do you know? something of the mathematics?"

"No, General."

"You have then some idea of algebra, geometry, natural philosophy?"

As he paused between each word, I felt the blood rush into my face, and the sweat run from my forehead; it was the first time that I had ever been placed thus face to face with my ignorance.

"No, General," replied I, stammering. He perceived my embarrassment.

"You have gone through your course of Law?"

"No, General."

"Do you understand the Latin and Greek?"

"A little."

"Do you speak any of the living languages?"

"The Italian tolerably well; the German not as well."

"I will see you placed with Lafitte, then. You probably understand accounts?"

"Not in the least."

I was in great trouble; and it was evident that he felt for me.

"Oh! General," said I, in a tone that appeared to make an impression upon him; my education is mere nothing, and I am ashamed of it! I have only perceived it to-day; but I will improve it—I give you my word of honor that I will."

"But in the mean time, my friend, have you any thing to live upon?"

"Oh! I have nothing;" replied I, discouraged by the consciousness of my ignorance.

The General reflected a moment.

"Give me your address," said he, "I will think what we can do for you."

He handed me ink and paper. I took the pen with which he had just been writing; I looked at it yet wet with ink, and laid it upon the desk.

"Well, what is that for?"

"I will not write with your pen, General; it would be a profanation."

"What a child you are! Here, take a new one."

Mercy. I began to write: the General watched me.—Scarcely had I written a few words, when he clapped his hands.

"We are safe," exclaimed he.

"How so?"

"You write a good hand."

I dropped my head between my two arms; not having strength to hold it up. A good hand! my only accomplishment! This warrant of incapacity, oh! it was too much for me. A good hand!

I might then at some future day, become a writer in a public office; what a prospect! I wrote a good hand! I could willingly have cut off my right arm.

General Foy continued, without perceiving what passed with me.

"Listen; I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans; I will speak to him respecting you;" he pointed to a desk; "Go there; draw up a petition, and write it as well as you possibly can."

I humbly obeyed his directions. This was to be my great recommendation to my future chief of the department.

When I had finished, General Foy wrote a few lines on the margin. His writing formed a striking contrast with my own, and cruelly humiliated me: he then folded the petition, put it into his pocket, and offered me his hand as I departed; at the same time inviting me to take breakfast with him the next day.

I returned to my hotel, where I found a letter bearing the stamp of the Minister of War. Up to that moment, the amount of good and evil had, with me, been equally divided: the letter I was about to open, would turn the scale on one side or the other.

The Minister stated in reply, that not having time to receive me, he would be glad if I would send him in writing, whatever I had to communicate: the balance inclined to the evil side.

I replied to him, that I had requested an audience, merely for the purpose of showing him the original of a letter of thanks which he had formerly written to my father, his General-in-chief; but as I could not have the honor of a personal interview, I would content myself with sending him a copy.

I went the next day, to the hotel of General Foy, who had now become my only hope. He accosted me with a smile, which seemed to be a good augury for me.

"Well!" said he, "your affair is settled."

"How?"

"Why, you are appointed a supernumerary secretary of

the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs. It is not much; but it is a good situation for you. It is, in truth, a fortune."

"And when shall I be installed?"

"To-day, if you wish."

"And what is the name of the chief secretary?"

"Monsieur Oudard. You will present yourself to him in my name."

"Will you allow me to announce this good news to my mother?"

"Yes, sit down there; you will find what is necessary."

I wrote her, to sell all that remained of our property, and to come and join me; twelve hundred francs per annum, appeared an inexhaustible sum to me. When I had finished, I turned towards the General, who regarded me with a look of inexpressible goodness. That reminded me that I had not thanked him. I could not help falling upon his neck and embracing him, which drew from him a laugh.

"There is excellent stock in you," said he to me; "but do you remember what you have promised me? you will study?"

"Yes, General, I am going to live by my writing; but I have promised you, one day to live by my pen."

"Well, now let us breakfast; I must go to the Chamber of Deputies."

A domestic brought a little table, already prepared, into the study, where we breakfasted together. As soon as breakfast was over, I left the General, and made but two bounds from the street of Mont-Blanc to the Palais Royal: the balance of good fortune now decidedly preponderated.

Monsieur Oudard received me with so much familiarity, that I was satisfied it was not to my personal merit that I owed his politeness; he installed me in an office where two other young men were employed, who then became my companions, and who to this day are my friends.

I then determined to keep my promise, and to work in earnest. I knew enough of Latin to pursue the study of that language without assistance; and with what remained of my fifty-three francs, I bought a Juvenal, a Tacitus, and a Suetonius. I always had a taste for geography, and made a recreation of that study. Being acquainted with a young physician, I begged him to conduct me to la Charite hospital, in order that I might there pursue a course of physiology: he was himself both a physician and a good chemist; I assisted him in his operations, and soon learned of these two sciences all that was necessary for a man of the world to know. My iron constitution permitted me to make up, by the time that I employed during the night, for my deficiencies through the day; to be brief, a complete change took place in my material and moral existence; and, when at the end of two months, my mother arrived, she hardly recognized me, so serious had I become.

I had then commenced an obstinate struggle with my own mind; a struggle the more extraordinary, because it had no fixed purpose. I persevered, for I had every thing to learn. I occupied eight hours a day in my office, to which I was obliged to return every evening, and remain from seven until ten o'clock; my nights alone were my own. It was during these night watchings that I acquired the habit, which still continues, of nocturnal labor, which has enabled me to complete my work, in a manner so incomprehensible to my friends; who have never been able to divine at what hour, or during what time, it was accomplished.

This secluded life, which escaped all observation during three years, did not produce any visible results. I produced nothing; neither had I a desire to produce any thing.

I watched, with a certain degree of curiosity, the dramatic works of the times, both in their failures and in their successes; but as I could not sympathize either in the arrangement of the plot, or in the execution of the dialogue, of that species of works, I merely was conscious that I was incapable of producing any thing of the same character; and had no conception that any thing of a different character existed; I was only astonished at the admiration which was divided between the authors and Talma; an admiration which, it appeared to me, Talma alone had a right to claim.

About this time, the English actors arrived in Paris. I had never read a single foreign drama. They announced *Hamlet*; and I, knowing of none but that of Ducis, went to hear that of Shakespeare.

Imagine a person born blind, suddenly endowed with the power of sight, discovering an entire and perfect world, of which he previously had no conception: imagine Adam awaking after the creation, and finding beneath his feet the enamelled earth, above his head the bright and glittering sky, around him the trees bending with golden fruit; in the distance, a river, a beautiful, broad, silvery river; and at his side, woman, beautiful, chaste, and unveiled,—and you will have an idea of the enchanting Eden of which that representation first opened to me the gate.

Oh! it was that, then, which I had sought;—that, of which I had felt the absence; and to which it was my ambition to reach! it was those actors, forgetting that they were in a theatre; it was that artificial life, made real life, by the force of art; it was that truth of language and of gesture, making the actors creatures of God, with their vices, their virtues, their passions, their weaknesses;—and not affected, impassible, declamatory and sententious heroes. O, Shakespeare! mercy.—O, Kemble and Smithson! mercy, mercy, on my divinity! mercy on my angels of poetry!

I then, also, saw *Othello*, *Romeo*, *Shylock*, *Virginius*, *William Tell*; I saw Macready, Kean and Young; I read, I devoured the productions of the foreign drama; and I discovered that in the theatrical world all emanated from Shakespeare; as in the real world, all emanates from the sun: that no one could be compared to him; for he was as dramatic as Corneille, as comic as Moliere, as original as Calderon, as pensive as Goethe, as passionate as Schiller. I discovered finally that it was that man, who, next to God, had created most.

From that time, my vocation was decided; I felt that the speciality, to which every man is called, was now presented to me; I then felt a confidence which I had never before experienced; I launched boldly towards the future, against which I had always feared that I should be wrecked.

In the meantime, I did not deceive myself respecting the difficulties of the career on which I had entered; I knew that it required study more profound and minute than any other; and that, in order to experiment with success upon living nature, it would be necessary attentively to study dead nature. I then took, one after the other, those great men of genius, who had been named Shakespeare, Corneille, Moliere, Calderon, Goethe and Schiller; I viewed their works as subjects on the table of a dissecting room; and with scalpel in hand, during entire nights, I penetrated to the heart, to seek the sources of life, and the secrets of the circulation of the blood. I ascertained by what admirable mechanism the nerves and muscles were brought into action; and I discovered with what skill the different integuments are formed, destined to cover the bones, which are the same in all. For it is men, and not one man alone, who invented them; each comes in his turn and in his hour, profiting by those things which have been acquired by his fathers; arranging them in new combinations; and at his death, after having added to the sum of human knowledge, bequeathing the whole to his children.

A star from the milky way—

As for the entire creation of a thing, I thought that impossible. God himself, when he created man, could not, or would not, invent him: he made him after his own image.

It is said of Shakespeare, that when a stupid critic accused him of taking, now and then, an entire scene from some contemporaneous author:

"It is a child that I have taken from bad society, to introduce it into good."

It is said that Moliere replied with still more naïveté, when the same reproach was made against him: "I take the good where I find it!"

And Shakespeare and Moliere had reason on their side: for the man of genius never steals; he conquers:—he makes the province he has taken, a part of his own empire; he imposes upon it his laws, and peoples it with his subjects; he spreads his golden sceptre over it, and no one dares to say, while beholding it: "This province was not a part of thy patrimony." Under Napoleon, Belgium was annexed to France—Belgium is now a separate kingdom.—Is Leopold greater, or Napoleon less, for that?

I feel myself obliged to say these things; because, laying genius aside, the same charges are made against me, that

were brought against Shakespeare and Moliere; because I am reproached for my long and painful studies; because, far from my being fairly judged in my desire to make known to my countrymen, the beauties of hitherto unknown dramatic scenes, I am pointed at with the finger, as a thief; I am signalled as a plagiarist.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

### INTELLECTUAL PARSIMONY.

The speakers and writers of former times, were generally more attentive to matter than to manner. They chose to excavate new ideas from the mine of thought, rather than merely to adorn such as had been brought to light by the labor of others. But in these latter days, literary men seem to have become too indolent to dig for themselves; and hence too many of them are occupied with the lighter labor of polishing the hard-earned ideas of their fathers. Thus, the empire of mind not only ceases to be extended, but its boundaries are actually narrowed by the silent encroachments of indolent habits.

This invention of thought-saving machinery may properly be denominated *intellectual parsimony*; since its primary object seems to be, the saving of intellectual effort. I proceed to point out some of the methods in which this parsimony is practised.

First, by *division*.—It has become extremely fashionable to give a certain number of heads to any literary production; although this is too frequently the only species of head-work about the performance. I would by no means condemn analytical writing; but only that which *affects* to be such. As some men are said to have written poetry, by first arranging a list of metrical words at the ends of the lines, and then filling up the back ground with whatever comes readiest to hand; only using the precaution to have each line commence with a capital letter;—so there are those who appear to fancy that they have made out an argument to a demonstration, when they have gravely divided a subject into a 'first,' 'second,' and 'third,' and placed a sufficient array of parti-colored ideas under each of these literary generals. Such discourses are frequently mere skeletons, destitute of nerve or sinew;—they do indeed exhibit the appearance of system, and may perhaps serve to "amaze the gazing rustics ranged around;" but they are wanting in every thing adapted to please a correct taste, or inform a sound understanding. They are methodically dull and unmeaning—purely mechanical performances, with which mind has little or nothing to do.

Another mode in which this is practised, is, by *repetitions*. Our extemporizers are prone to shelter their scarcity of ideas behind this screen. I have heard many an extemporary address, not to mention some written ones, which was nothing more than a continued harping on the same idea. For example—suppose it were the object of the speaker to impress upon his hearers the importance of *punctuality*. He would enlarge somewhat after the following manner: It is of importance to be punctual—it is highly important to be in season—it is highly important to take time by the fore-lock—it is highly important not to be behind hand—it is highly important to be ready at the time appointed, &c. &c.

Now nothing can be more clear, than that when this orator had said, "It is important to be punctual," he had said all. It might have been well for him to have shown *why* it is important; but then *why's* and *wherefore's* are apt to perplex such speakers. Here they "improve the time," by playing a variety of verbal changes on the same idea;—and it is indeed "highly important" that their ill-starred auditors should be endowed with a double share of patience, to enable them to sit quietly under their long-winded exhortations.

*Intellectual parsimony* frequently discovers itself under the form of *elongation*. It is the part of wisdom to be concise, whether in speaking or writing. If the matter be interesting, it is well to leave the hearers, or readers, with a good appetite. If it be uninteresting, it is well to relieve them, before they are surfeited. The passages even of the best compositions, which are most frequently quoted with admiration, are those, the style of which most resembles the sententious brevity of an aphorism.

But unfortunately, our most wretched speakers and writers, now-a-days, are frequently our most lengthy ones; as the most disagreeable visitors commonly make the longest stay. It would seem as if these indefatigable prosers, con-

scious they have nothing of importance to communicate, endeavored to shelter their utter barrenness of thought, under a prodigious multitude of words;—as if men should attempt to mend a wretched piece of turnpike, by crooking it hither and thither, and thus doubling its length.

In conclusion, I would merely remark—that those who have nothing to say, should say nothing: those who have little to say, should say little: and those who have much to say, should say that, and nothing more.

L.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1834.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS, by Cynthia Taggart: Providence: Cranston and Hammond. During the preparation of this volume for the press, a few of the poems which it contains, were published in the columns of the Literary Journal, and in each instance were accompanied with remarks explanatory of the character and history of their ill-fated author, and particularly of the affecting circumstances under which her productions have been written. We presume, therefore, that these circumstances are known to the greater portion of our readers, and shall merely refer to them very briefly, at the present time.

To those who may be unacquainted with these facts, we will observe, that the author of this volume was born, and now resides, in Middletown, in this State; that she is the daughter of one of our revolutionary patriots, who suffered much in the cause of his country; and who, after having endured a succession of trials and misfortunes, by which he was reduced from a state of comparative independence, to extreme poverty; has recently gone to the grave, respected and beloved by all who knew him,—leaving one daughter who has long been confined by wasting sickness, and another who has been for years bereft of reason. The author of these poems is a victim to a complication of disorders, which have produced a permanent affection of the head, accompanied by incessant and often agonizing pain, the consciousness of which, except when under the influence of powerful opiates, she never loses in sleep; in which terrible condition she has been, for more than seven years, confined to her bed, in a state of utter helplessness. In this condition, with no advantages of education, no intercourse with society, debarred from the contemplation of nature, with disease continually preying upon the very organ of thought, with no expectation of recovery, no bright remembrance of the past, no enjoyment of the present, and no hope for the future, she has poured forth the effusions of a mind still unsubdued by the miseries to which it has been doomed.

So entire has been the prostration of her physical strength, that she has been unable to perform the mechanical labor of committing her compositions to paper. These have accordingly been written from her dictation, by others; generally by her aged father; and not having been intended for publication, few, if any of them, have ever undergone her own revision.

A volume of poetry, thus written, must, of course, contain many imperfections: but most of those which appear in the present instance, would undoubtedly have been removed, had it been in the power of the author to have bestowed any after labor upon her productions. To bring them, therefore, to the same rigid test of criticism by which we judge the works of ordinary candidates for public favor, would be manifestly unjust. In noticing these defects, we should not forget the causes to which they are to be attributed. The composition of the poems should be viewed in connexion with all its attendant circumstances; and when so viewed, we cannot but be surprised that its faults are comparatively so few.

Neither could it be expected, that a mind thus situated, whatever might be its original strength or versatility of talent, and however wide the range of subjects on which it might be exercised, should fail to give each of them a tinge of its own feelings of gloom and despondency. The traces of these are accordingly visible in every portion of the volume;

but they are never obtruded to view, and appear every where to be subdued by a mental energy, which, although it has ever felt their presence, has never been entirely overcome by their power. Respecting this circumstance, it is well observed in the introduction to the volume, that "it is possible, from the tone of melancholy complaint which pervades these productions, that some may be led to believe the author destitute of one gift so necessary in her condition, that of pious resignation. It should be remembered, however, that the poems were separately composed,—most of them at long intervals of time from the preceding piece; and that each, when written, naturally expressed the feelings of the author, in her peculiar trials. The general effect of the whole upon the reader, is not then the true test of the character of the several parts."

The effect of such a condition, upon a mind less finely tempered than her's, with so limited a number of visible objects presented to its observation, would have been to contract the range of its thoughts, until these were wholly centred in its immediate sufferings: but in her case, the mind has risen above its fate. Her complaints do not arise so much on account of the actual endurance of pain itself, as they do from sorrow at the thought that her spirit is debarred from a communion with the glories, the beauty and the loveliness of external nature. We might refer to many passages in illustration of this remark; but can only give a few stanzas from one of the poems, entitled "The Heart's Desire," in which this feeling is strikingly exhibited.

"Essay my Heart, my aching heart,  
To lisp thy longing forth;—  
Speak thy intense desire to gaze  
Upon the blooming earth.

This, this my panting heart excites  
With all a passion's glow;  
That I may know long banished health,  
And feel the balmy air's sweet stealth  
Across my temples flow;—

And stray the verdant landscape o'er,  
And press the lawns, and walk the shore  
That I have traced, long since, before;  
And lift mine eyes, unpained, to view  
The glorious morning sun.

What years have passed of anguish keen,  
Since last I heard the roar  
Of clashing waves, or marked the scene  
Where, in the milder sea's deep green,  
The inverted, towering trees were seen  
From yon delightful shore—  
Or heard the warbling concert ring,  
While echoing joys responsive sing,  
And purling brook, and bubbling spring,  
In sweet, melodious offering,  
Their simple music pour!

\* \* \* \* \*  
O, Health, thy succoring aid extend,  
While low, with bleeding heart, I bend,  
And on thine every means attend,  
And sue with streaming eyes;—  
But more remote, thou fl'st away,  
The humbler I thine influence pray;  
And Expectation dies.

Twice three long years of life have gone,  
Since thy loved presence was withdrawn,  
And I to grief resigned;  
Laid on the couch of lingering pain,  
Where stern disease's torturing chain  
Has every limb confined.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Once more my pleadings I renew;  
And with my parting breath I sue,  
Goaded by potent pain—  
By all the pangs of wasting life,  
By gasping nature's chilling strife,  
To gain one lingering view  
Of thy fair aspect, mildly sweet;  
And kiss from off thine airy feet,  
The healing drops of dew.

Oh, bathe my burning temples now,  
And cool the scorching of my brow,  
And light the rayless eye;—  
My strength revive with thine own might,  
And with thy footsteps firm and light,  
Oh, bear me to thy radiant height,  
Where, soft reposing, lie

Mild peace, and happiness, to day,  
And Nature's sweet, that I may cloy,  
Unmixed with direful pain's alloy;—  
Leave me not thus to die!"

This little volume has been published by the friends of the author, in order to furnish the means of alleviating the wants of her family, and of administering to herself all the relief which human power can bestow. But we do not wish to be understood as calling public attention to these poems, solely or principally with a view to that object. They contain much which recommends itself to perusal, without reference to the remarkable circumstances of their authorship. We would not insult the claims of genius, by asking for it the charity of patronage. That support which it has always a right to claim, should never be offered it as a bounty. No candid reader can glance over these pages, without feeling that they contain the emanations of a mind of no common order: and in view of all the circumstances, highly as we prize the intellectual efforts of some of our countrywomen, we feel that it is not too much to say, that had she been blessed with ordinary health, and surrounded with merely ordinary advantages, the now obscure author of this volume, instead of needing the exertions of friendship to render justice to her talents, would have stood among the first of those of whom we are so justly proud. The gift of God is in her; and the weight of his omnipotent arm alone, has prevented it from fully manifesting its beauty and its power.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT; by John Barrow, Esq. (Family Library, No. LXV.) New-York; Harper and Brothers. The life of the great Russian Tsar has furnished materials for a number of elaborate and voluminous works, most of which have been inaccessible to the greater portion of that class of readers for whose use the present Memoir is principally intended; and even if this were not the case, but comparatively few have leisure or inclination to peruse the labored and minute details which those contain. A condensed account, exhibiting the great leading events in the life of this remarkable man, a just exhibition of his character, and a description of those vast enterprises which he conceived and accomplished, has long been desirable. This deficiency has now been supplied by Mr Barrow; who from the ample and extensive sources of information which were at his command, has selected his materials with an unusual degree of skill, and given them all the attractions of an entirely original work. The readers of the Family Library will find this among the most interesting and instructive volumes of biography, which have been embodied in that valuable series.

THE EVERY-DAY BOOK FOR YOUTH; by Peter Parley. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co.—This volume is not intended for the use of children; but as is stated in its preface, for those who are sufficiently advanced "to understand the language, and estimate the value of such counsel as may be drawn from the best writers." We have given it a careful examination; and can recommend it as particularly worthy the attention of those who are a loss in making a proper selection for their young friends, from the continually increasing number of juvenile books.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The essay on Credulity, contains some very just remarks; but its composition is unfinished.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

An Adventure.

Another French Soldier made King; (Translation.)

ON FILE, FOR INSERTION.

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SELECTIONS.—Account of Caspar Hauser.—Modern Holland.—A Tale for the Novelist.—The Holy Sepulchre. Poetry.—The Dawn of Love.—Mary.—"Why so pale?"—Sister, since I met thee last."

## Miscellaneous Selections.

From "The Shepherd's Garland"—1807.

## THE DAWN OF LOVE.

The dew-drop, that at first of day,  
Hangs on the violet flower,  
Although it shimmereth in the ray,  
And trembleth at the zephyr's power,  
Shows not so fair and pleasantly  
As love that bursts from beauty's eye.

The little bird, that clear doth sing  
In shelter of green trees,  
When flowerets sweet begin to spring  
In dew-bespangled meads,  
Is not so pleasant to mine ear,  
As love that scantly speaks for fear.

The rose, when first it doth prepare  
Its ruddy leaves to spread,  
And kissed by the cold night air,  
Hangs down its coyest head,  
Is not so fair as love that speaks  
In unbid blush, on beauty's cheeks.

The pains of war, when streams of blood  
Are smoking on the ground,  
When foemen brim of lustihood,  
All mixed in death are found;  
Yea, death itself is lighter borne;  
Than cruel beauty's smiling scorn.

## M A R Y.

BY REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be;  
It never through my mind had passed,  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
When I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain;  
But when I speak thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid;  
And now I feel—as well I may—  
Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay, even as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smile has been;  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there—I lay thee in the grave,  
And now—I am alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking still of thee!  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light, ne'er seen before,  
As Fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

## WHY SO PALE?

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prythee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well, can't move her,  
Looking ill, prevail?  
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well, can't win her,  
Saying nothing, do?

Quit, for shame!—this will not move—  
This cannot take her—  
If, of herself, she will not love,  
Nothing will make her:  
The devil take her.

## W I T.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet—  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.  
Their want of edge, by their offence is seen—  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

## SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sister, since I met thee last,  
O'er thy brow a change hath pass'd:  
In the softness of thine eyes,  
Deep and still a shadow lies;  
From thy voice there thrills a tone  
Never to thy childhood known;  
Through thy soul a storm hath moved—  
Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught  
Hours too bright from troubled thought!  
Far along the wandering stream  
Thou art followed by a dream;  
In the woods and valleys lone,  
Music haunts thee, not thine own.  
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?—  
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!  
On thy bosom pour that shower;—  
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,  
Tell me not of fond hopes blasted—  
Bring not forth one burning word,  
Let thy heart no more be stirred!  
Home alone can give thee rest;—  
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

## A MIRACLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

One day in Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees, in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, "Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm trees?" The youth raised his head, and answered, "Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle." "A wish," said the prophet, with a smile, "which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years." "And was it granted?" hastily asked the prince. "A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. 'Observe,' said he, 'what this seed will turn to.' He thereupon made with his finger, a hole in the earth; and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but no sooner had I perceived them, than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker. The man of God thereupon said to me—'Behold!' And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like as the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar. I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent and to attend. 'Behold,' said he, 'new creations will soon make their appearance.' He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor. 'Whence,' exclaimed I, 'is this perfume and the refreshing shade?' 'Seest thou not,' said the man of God, 'the scarlet blossom, as shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?' I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the Autumn blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement." Nathan ceased speaking. "What is the name of the God-like man?" asked Solomon, hastily. "Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?" "Son of David," replied Nathan, "I have related to thee a vision." When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, "How canst thou deceive me thus?" "I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse," rejoined Nathan. "Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?" "Yes," said Solomon, "but imperceptibly, and in a long time." Then Nathan answered—"Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly?—Study Nature and her operations: then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher Power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand."

"I have lived," said Dr Adam Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many iron in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

By too constant association, the sincerest friendship may be estranged, or rather obliterated; as the richest coins are defaced by the friction of each other.

Anger is most fearful when unaccompanied by tears: it is lightning without rain.

COLORS OF FLOWERS.—The fugitive properties of some colors are well known; and in no way better exemplified, than as they naturally exist in flowers. The fume arising from a common sulphur match, which is, in fact, sulphuric acid, will change purple and crimson colors to pink. The blue, in combination with the red, is readily discharged; indeed, a pink or purple flower might be completely bleached, by holding it in the fumes of sulphur. Thus roses and dahlias have been made to assume a variegated and very novel appearance. The blue commelina tuberosa is more permanent, as are yellows and greens. Bright pink stripes and veins may be produced on the dark purple petals of pansies, dahlias, and other dark colored flowers, with a camel-hair pencil and oil of vitriol, to yield a rather pleasing effect. Such lines should not be drawn to the edge of the petal, or a little injury will soon be evident; nor should they be strong, nor near together, as they quickly spread. These playful deceptions may yield occasional amusement, but it would be neither good taste, nor good feeling, to permit a friend to quit our society under any false impression occasioned by such arts. Knowledge of this sort is principally valuable by exhibiting the visible chemical action of one ingredient on another; and by awakening the mind to what is, and may be done. Various silk and cotton articles, having a colored ground and white pattern, are first dyed of one uniform color, and their white patterns given by the application of a liquid, to discharge part of their ground color. The liquid so employed is, not unfrequently, injurious to the fabric of these articles; which will account for the premature decay, particularly of some parts of printed cotton.—*Maud's Botanic Garden*.

PINS.—A statute, passed in 1545, concerning pins, indicates that such as are now used by ladies, are of recent invention. The act says, that "no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the head soldered fast to the shank of the pinne, well smoothed, the pointe well and round filed, cauted, and sharpened." Now the labor of making pins after this manner, as it must have made them much more expensive, shows the novelty of the invention, which probably had been but lately brought from France. The inconvenience of the make of those pins, naturally set our people on improving so tedious and clumsy a manufacture; for in about three years time, they fell into the present ingenious and expeditious manner of making them. Before the invention of these brass pins, there were many ingenious and pretty devices, for the convenience of the dress and ornament of both sexes, such as ribbons, loop-holes, laces with points and taps, clasps, hooks and eyes, and skewers made of brass, silver and gold. From the last, it is very probable, that pins proceeded; being no other than smaller, and more convenient and delicate skewers.—*Annals of Commerce*.

OFFICE SEEKING.—Who are the less proper to hold this, or to have that; to preside here, or advise there; to be absent from this place, or present at that? Generally speaking, those are the least proper to obtain these ends, who most desire them. Who desires to hold preferment, more than the professing pluralist, or to have place more than the pretended patriot; and who deserves them less? Who wishes to preside in the senate, more than the sycophant; or to advise at the council, more than the knave? Who wishes to be absent from the trial, more than the criminal; or to be present at the plunder, more than the thief? For that wealth, power, or influence, which are desired, only that they may be properly applied and exerted, are not usually those which are most vehemently desired; since such an application of them cannot be a profitable task; but must be a troublesome, and may be a thankless one. Therefore, when we see a man denying himself the common comforts of life; passing restless days, and sleepless nights, in order to compass something where the *public* good is the apparent motive, we may always venture to pause a little, just to consider whether *private* good may not be the real end.—*Lacon*.

Different periods of time; when their order has faded from the memory, seem all consolidated into one; as the distant horizon appears to mingle with the sky.

If perfection were ever once beheld, we should be so fully convinced of the impossibility of equaling it, as to give up all attempts at imitation.

An open countenance is like the face of a dial—showing clearly what passes within.

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